THE STAR AND BANNER.

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(For the "Star and Banner."

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, GIRLS.

AIR—*There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.*

BY . . . .

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
When maidens all shall have their way—
Go when they like to see the play,
In the good time coming.
Naughty mothers may be strict,
But "daddy's" words are stronger;
By their aid we'll have some fun—
Just wait a little longer.
Chorus: There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, girls;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
All young men will then be true;
They'll buy nice calico and books for you,
In the good time coming.
Then, coquettes shall have their sway—
Their winning ways be stronger,
Oh! what a time for Gettysburg!
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
For charming fellows blithe and gay
No girl shall have to wait a day,
In the good time coming.
Each "lad" shall then love only one,
And to that love be stronger;
What a time for lassies all!
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
"Little dears" no more shall mope at home,
For want of beaux to have a roam,
In the good time coming.
Your sparks will then come to their time—
No kindness can be stronger;
Oh! what a time for "charming ducks!"
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
Fair damsels then will never paint,
Nor, feigning illness, do a faint,
In the good time coming;
Dame Nature then will give the hue
To each fair cheek much stronger—
This blessed time I hope to see—
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
When flirting won't be reckon'd sinning,
And caps cost nothing for the trimming,
In the good time coming
Silk dresses will be had for asking,
And corset-strings be stronger.
Oh! girls, you'll have a splendid time!
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
Mothers then will frown no more,
When lovers kiss behind the door,
In the good time coming.
Fathers will not grumble then,
But wish the tie the stronger;
There's naught like this at present, girls;
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
When York, as well as Baltimore street,
Is paved with Brussels carpets neat,
In the good time coming;
Afternoon and evening will
Of course be mused in promenade,
Mesdemoiselles, vous serez heureuses!
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
When each of our graduates
For his *diploma* a maiden takes—
In the good time coming—
Brad, and born in Gettysburg,
To crown his future journey;
Wenn kommt wohl sein' gold'ne zeit?
Just wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls—
A good time coming;
When each fair maid shall have her swain,
And earth be paradise again
In the good time coming.
Look up, my dears, your turn is nigh;
No chance can be much stronger.
Glorious times in store, my girls!
Please, wait a little longer.

DROLL FUNERAL PROCESSION.—Mr. Kendall, writing from Hamburg, says:—Lest some of my readers think that the term droll, as applied to a funeral procession, may appear strange, let me tell them that in Hamburg the friends and relatives of the dead do not follow the remains to the grave, but in their stead march along some twelve or fifteen hired mourners, with curls and powdered wigs upon their heads, short cloaks upon their shoulders, and swords at their sides, while the very quaintness of their costumes, and a species of mock gravity upon the countenance of those whose trade it is to mourn for pay, combine to give any thing but that solemnity to a scene which the stranger meets in other lands.

"Mamma," said a little child, "my Sunday-School teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here; but I do not see any body preparing to go there; *why don't they try to get ready?*"

THE COMMON LOT.—It has been happily said, in reference to the certainty of death and of immortality:

"An angel's arm can't keep us from the grave:
Legions of angels can't confine us there."

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cherished.

NUTMEGS.—The nutmeg tree flourishes in Singapore, near the equator.—*Cleveland Plain.*

It flourishes in Connecticut, also, where it is commonly called white oak.—*Boston Times.*

GOOD SPECULATION.—A Yankee transported a couple of hogs to the "diggins" in California to root for "the precious ore," and obtained every night from six to eight ounces of gold from their snouts!—*Boston Post.*

The Ideal of a True Life.

BY HORACE GREELY.

There is even on this side of the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring—an oasis, not in the desert but beyond it—a rest, profound and blissful as that of a soldier returned forever from the dangers, the hardships, the turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle, whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

This haven, this oasis, this rest, is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveller has abandoned the dusty, crowded and jostling highways of life, for one of its shediest and noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear—the myriad footfall of the city's stony walks—is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil and traffic, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come to enjoy tranquil and unembarrassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamation, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve. What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies, or the poverty of a bankrupt—whether his couch be of down or of rushes—his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He lived to little purpose, indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true ends of creation, nor their absence conclusive proofs of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close—if the evening of his days are genial and blissful—should not ask for broad acres or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity, they add to his cares and anxities, not to his enjoyment. Ask rather—has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? Has he lived a True Life.

A true life! of how many lives does each hour knell the conclusion! The poor child of shame and sin and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce budded, yet blighted existence—the desperate felon whose blood was shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law—the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in the springtime of his years, but in the fulness of festering iniquities—these, the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgements! But the base idoliter of self, who devotes all his energies, his moments, and his thoughts to schemes which begin and end in personal advantages—the grasper of gold and land and tenements—the devotee of pleasure—the man of ignoble and sinister ambition—the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion—the idler, the gambler, voluptuary—on all these and their myriad compeers, while born on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentile is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world. Nay, is not even our dread Christianity, which picks its way so dumbly, cautiously and inoffensively—which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration, by some of the foremost vices of the times; is it not too often oblivious in its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly? Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character? who are fortified by its teachings in the belief that to do good is a casualty, and frame of being who are taught by it feed the hungry, clothe the naked, when they force themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty, for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege, for which they should be profoundly grateful? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministration of the Christian pulpit, how many are clearly and vividly impressed with the great truth, that each in his own sphere should live for mankind, as Christ died for the redemption, instruction, exaltation of the race—and, that the power to do this in his proper sphere abides equally with the humblest as the highest? How many centuries more will be required to teach, even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term Christain.

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and enobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and agrandizements, is the natural result of a predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, Virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is Vice, alone that seems unaccountable, monstrous, well nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind, as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed, is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that decrepit old age steals on us so soon. We wear out our energies for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?"—Aye, truly! but how few practically, consistently so regard it! And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling? What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like to the wars of the infuriated animalcula in a magnificent drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind!—How sloth is jostled by gluttony, and pride wrestled by avarice, and ostentation bearded by meanness! The soul that is not large enough for the indwelling of virtue, affords lodgement and scope for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness and inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous.—Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or he is self-deceived. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion adverse to, or a restrain upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its more sublime objects, may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned Jesus."

THE "FIELD OF GLORY."

Allison gives a thrilling description of the appearance of the ground on which the famous battle of Eylau was fought, on the morning after the battle:

"Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in a space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape at half musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an Arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water; or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or loads of horses by which they were crushed.

"Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifling groans of the wounded. Subdued by the loss of blood, tamed by the cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine dresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and most generous. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through the dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Sussgraten, sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death; but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of wo."

SENTIMENTAL.—The Wilkenson (Miss.) Whig gives us the following, coming from a "darkey," the property of a gentleman in that neighborhood, who, on Christmas, gave his servants something to make their hearts merry and their dance light. The master, having called upon each for a toast, was met with a snicker, and "I don't know how to do dat, massa," from one and another, until Joe's turn came (whose cotton basket is always the heaviest of the gang) when he held up his glass with ludicrous gravity and gave:

"The big bee flies high,
The little bee makes the honey;
The black folks make the cotton,
And the white folks get the money."

"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain beau* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her "*beau* of promise," who *happened* along with an umbrella.

"And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he caught a *rain deer*."

Those are the beau ideal of wet weather compliments.

☞ A Gold mine (says the Doylestown Democrat) has been discovered in Bucks county.

CASE OF RETURN TO REASON AFTER FORTY YEARS INSANITY.

The *Boston Traveller* relates the remarkable case of a man in the Newton poor-house, who after an insanity of about forty years, (thirty of which he was chained,) had recovered his reason. The name of this unfortunate man is Elisha Robbins, formerly a shoemaker. He was born about the year 1748, and is therefore nearly sixty-four years of age. He was twenty-four years old when first seized with insanity. At that time he had just lost his wife, by whom he had two children then living. It is not certainly known at this distant day what actually caused his insanity—perhaps the loss of his wife.—Soon after his seizure he was so violent that it became necessary to chain him down without clothes save a shirt and only straw to sleep upon. This course was rendered absolutely necessary by his habits, which were no better than those of the beasts of the field. At one time the paupers were farmed out by the town to the lowest bidders. Among others, was Robbins, who was chained in a barn by his keeper, when he was found one day with his feet frozen so as to render their amputation necessary. He was forthwith removed, and since that time has had every comfort, compatible with his situation, his room being always kept warm. He was once visited by the celebrated Miss Dix, who made a special report upon the cruelty of chaining him almost naked in the straw. Perhaps with a more thorough understanding of some peculiar features of his case she might have judged differently as to the humanity of his keepers.

About a year ago, Robbins first began to exhibit signs of returning reason. It was observed that he paid more attention to personal cleanliness. He was encouraged, and shortly appeared (after the lapse of nearly half a century) in the clothing of a man. Soon after he was allowed to wander about the building, and at times he would turn to and help in light work, such as husking corn, &c. Finally he began to talk of persons and places familiar to his youthful days, before reason was clouded; but beyond that period, all to him is blank. He described with perfect accuracy places of which he was conversant in his earlier days; spoke of the companions of that period; of one in particular, whom he denominaten "a gal;" though if now living she has attained to over three score years. He has been tried in various ways as to the verge of his memory; but it always stops at the commencement of his insanity. One day the marriage of an acquaintance, which took place in his early days of reason, was mentioned, and the name of the bride intentionally misstated. He instantly corrected the error and gave the right name. When asked in what year he was born, he replies "about 1788," but still insists that he is but twenty-four years of age. At the last accounts he continued to improve, and it was hoped that reason was again seated upon her throne. Great credit it due to the overseer (Mr. Parks) and the town authorities for their judicious and persevering efforts to assist nature in bringing about this remarkable result.

THE MECHANIC'S ADVANTAGE.—Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the young nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand."

"You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," said the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of the future are precarious. What fortune gives at her caprice, she takes away. I see no security for the independence and a comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed his head and retired silently. In a year or two after, the latter was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his col. wagons loaded with baskets, and heading the cavalcade, the nobleman in the dress of a basket maker.—He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer that he was master of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no farther obstacle was opposed to the marriage.—But the story is not yet done. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered—and lords were scattered like chaff before the four winds of Heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket making industry.

Civilization is to the moral world what manure is to the earth; while it promotes the growth of desirable plants, it equally nourishes the weeds.

THE STAR OF LOVE.—BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea:
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenades for thee.
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are dear till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
To cheer us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours,
We dedicate to thee.

FALLEN ROYALTY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Atlas* gives the following information respecting the ex-royal family:

"I was ushered into a drawing-room on the ground floor, (says the writer) wherein was seated the Queen and the Duchess de Nemours. Her Majesty was occupied in writing, while the fair young Duchess was engaged upon some kind of needlework, which, from its bulk and homely appearance, certainly did not present many of the peculiarities of a lady's fancy work.—Up and down upon the gravel path before the long windows of the apartment, strolled, or rather shuffled an aged man, bending his shoulders to the sun, and leaning upon a huge knotted stick. He was following a large white spaniel, which seemed to subdue his pace to that of his master; and altogether the scene presented was one of the most forlorn and melancholy description. I cannot tell how I was shocked when this aged man entered through a glass door, shivering and complaining of the cold—and I recognized the features of King Louis Phillippe. His face was much bloated, and he is older by ten years than when I saw him in January last. He knew me, however, on the instant, and endeavored to join in conversation, but soon sank into the *fauteuil* by the fire, and seemed presently to be absorbed in deep thought. The Queen was cheerful enough—almost gay. Her excessive devotion has created a degree of fatalism in her mind like that of the Orientals.—She beholds every thing that has happened as the will of God, and complains not. It is believed that she even regards it as an expiation, and accepts it in a chastened spirit accordingly. I will not tell you the general impression that prevails in the royal household with regard to the King, but it is such as to make one regret that he met not his death on the threshold of the Tuilleries, so that his body might not thus have outlived his soul."

GENERAL WASHINGTON.—One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about one thousand pounds. While he was President one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably Gen. Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances.—He did so—and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his release, together with a full discharge, and a *severe reprimand* to the agent, for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was consequently restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without first presenting prayers to Heaven for "their beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and, in a few years, Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to pay the money, with the interest, to this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged. Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country, and the preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

A WITTY KNAVE.—A fellow who claimed acquaintanceship with almost every jailor of the kingdom, went into a shop on Ludgate-hill to purchase some lace, when he told the shopman that a piece that reached from one of his ears to the other would serve him. Having accordingly made the agreement with the man of tape, he began to measure, observing "that one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol."

IRISH WIT.—When the streets of Indianapolis were a perfect glare of ice, a lady pedestrian lost her balance and fell. A genuine son of the Green Isle, on assisting to raise the lady, exclaimed—"Faith, ye must be a lovely *good* lady; for don't the Blessed Book teach us that it is the *wicked* that *stand* on slippery places."

AN APT IMAGE.—It was a good idea of the poet to describe Suspicion as "all stuck full of eyes."

DODGING A MILITIA FINE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

In days gone by, when objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to "appear, armed and equipped according to law," was left at the boarding house of a wag who possessed very little martial music in his soul. Determined that he would neither train nor pay a fine, and entertaining, withal, a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly "warned," however, as he anticipated, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shilling, for non-attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—non appearance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"Fine for not training," hawled the other.

"Shan't pay it, fellow."

"It will be three dollars next time I call."

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court-martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be leared out of the non-performers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue, at the appointed hour he waited upon the court to show cause, if any he had, why he shouldn't willingly have toted a musket and knapsack about the town, for twelve mortal hours, and otherwise perform the legal annual duties of a live "patriot."

He was ushered into the Court-room immediately—which was held in an old country house—where he discovered some three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful "yallow epoletts" alone, were sufficient to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this rather unexpected exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination.

"Your name, sir?"

The offender placed his hand quickly to the side of his head, without uttering a word, or moving a muscle in his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner, in a loud tone.

"A little louder," said the wag, without replying.

"Name," shouted the judge.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?"

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your business?" yelled the other.

"Right hand side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?" continued the judge nervously.

"Boss Carpenter."

"What the d—l's the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil, sometimes."

"What, sir?"

"Sometimes Cure'em's ointment."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He's as deaf as an adder," remarked the judge, turning around to his subordinates, earnestly. "Clear the lubber out."

"You are not liable to perform military duty," said the Secretary, with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

"I know that," said the fellow, coolly.

"His hearing improves," ventured the Sergeant.

"What do you suppose we sit here for?" asked the judge, in a loud voice, at last.

"A dollar and a half a day," said the prisoner."

"He may go, Mr. Sergeant."

"You can go," said the under officer, pointing to the door.

But our friend took no notice of the order.

"You may go," yelled the judge.

"Mercy alive, is it possible a man can be as deaf as all that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand yet; "but I should think——"

"Go—go!" screamed the judge, "there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the General who had a regiment like you to command. Show him the door, Major," and our hero soon found himself at liberty.

He was never summoned again to train, during his residence in Taunton.

HIS LAST FOLLY.—A volatile young man, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my dear," said his spouse, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "depend upon it, this is my last folly."

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Dr. Negrier, a French surgeon, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will always stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physiologically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

ANECDOTES OF GEN. KNYPHAUSEN.—This celebrated German General, who was in high command in New York during the revolutionary war, has been frequently spoken of as a tyrant. The following anecdote proves that on the contrary he was a humane man:

It was in June, 1776, that the troops under Admiral Lord Howe, commanded by Sir William, landed on Staten Island. From thence they were transported by the boats of the squadron to Gravesend Bay, on Long Island, preparatory to their march to Brooklyn. At the battles of Gowanus Heights and Brooklin, on the 27th and 28th of August, 1776, the Baron Knyphausen commanded one of the divisions under De Hiester. Soon after the unfortunate battle of the 28th was over, and our troops were driven in, the baron was speeding rapidly to the head-quarters of Sir William Howe to communicate his success. Of a sudden his eye met what seemed a summary process: a man was bound to a tree, and a file of English soldiers were about to fire at him. Riding forward with his suite, he said in his broken English—"Who is dat?"

"A rebel captain, taken in arms against the king," said the sergeant in command; "and our orders from the Colonel were distinctly to give no quarter to the rebels."

"Den I gives you orders, don't shoot dat man. If you do, I shoot you."

Saying this, he drew a pistol from his holster, and directed his aids to do the same. Thus the life of a Captain Wickham, commanding a militia company from Suffolk county, was saved through his kindness. Knyphausen was a general favorite among the whigs during the revolution. In his treatment to our prisoners, he was remarkably kind.

It happened that the vessel in which Knyphausen came over was long on the passage. One night, while some of the officers were engaged in playing a game of whist in the cabin, the baron suddenly turned to the captain and said, with an air of simple sincerity—"Captain, ain't we hab sailed bast America?"

J. SAXE says, with quite as much truth as poetry:—

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Amongst our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*;
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted Line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
Than plagued some worthy relation.

TWO OF THE SAME SORT.—A learned clergyman of Maine was once accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate preacher, who despised education:

"Sir, you have been to college I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth without any learning."

"A similar event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

THE SAME FIX.—A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir, but whats bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix!"

THE BUTTON—AN EPIGRAM.

John, who is always too punctillious,
Got up one morning, rather billious,
And thus began to scold:—
"Say!—where's that button? you're a *wife*
To worry out a fellow's life—
How oft must you be told?"
But madam with a ready wit
That cured the spouse's angry fit,
Cried "dearest, do not scoff
About that little button, John—
I really ment to put it on—
But then I—*put it off!*"

The Troy Bulletin telegraphed a friend in Pennsylvania, the day after the election, while the excitement ran high, to know the result of that Sate. The inquiry was this:

"Where has Pennsylvania gone?"

The reply was—

"She went to the d—l on a load of iron in the evening train!"

APPROPRIATE.—The Literary Gazette gives from Hamlet a motto for emigrants to California:

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade;
Aye, and a winding sheet."

A TENDER LINE.

His brawny arm beclasped her waist,
With love their eyes did burn;
From his warm lips she snatched a taste,
And then he turned turn.

AN INFERENCE.—A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says, "She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin." "Oh, life of me," exclaimed an old lady, upon reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been."